

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

By E. L. REESE. Telephone No. 503.

Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere.

The True Democrat of Tallahassee has added to Miss Beck's sincere appreciation of the kind words of the Tampa Daily Times, by republishing them with a most generous endorsement.

Mrs. H. H. Thornton is in Atlanta, and is expected home in a few days. Mr. Presley Thornton remained in Washington with Mr. Earl Thornton but will soon be home.

Miss Hazel Atminger writes to friends that she has entirely recovered from the diphtheria and is highly pleased with the care of the good sisters who were so kind to the young stranger. All of which is good news for pretty Miss Hazel's relatives and friends here and at the navy yard.

Mrs. J. H. Jones and children, Harold and Pearl, who spent the summer in South Dakota returned to their home at Goulding yesterday. They are much improved in health by their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kohler, who have been visiting friends at Roberts for the past month, have returned to the city and will reside at their new home, corner fourteenth street and thirteenth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coons are receiving felicitations over the acquisition of a son—a fine, big, handsome chap who arrived Sunday morning at their residence 1575 East Garden.

There would seem to be ground for serious anxiety as to the result of the latest Chinese incident. Just fancy what would have been the result if a Chinaman—even an admiral—had accidentally shot one of Johnathan's daughters. And yet—Johnathan is civilized while John is not.

Miss Mamie E. Fish after a three weeks' siege of the fever has sufficiently recovered to resume her duties in the telephone exchange.

Mr. Joe Hershkovitz, who has spent the last two months in Warrington leaves to-day for New York.

Mrs. Carter Elmore will entertain the Whist club to-day at her residence on the Bayshore.

Mrs. B. R. Witkovski returned Sunday night from a visit to her old home at Andersonville, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Zachary and their sister Miss Willie Applegate returned last evening from the country near Cantonment where they spent the last two months, enjoying such hunting and fishing as never before. Their chief pleasure they say was The Journal which seemed to them better than ever. Finally the ladies got so homesick they had to come home and they were the happiest people in town when they reached their home corner Fourteenth street and Seventh avenue.

Mrs. W. L. Hahn and charming sister Miss Lois Houlette surprised their friends by arriving at home last evening. The day after writing the letter quoted by permission of the recipient in The Journal Tuesday, Miss Houlette

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E. L. REESE, Proprietor.
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A HOT WATER BOTTLE STORY.

A man bought a hot water bottle at a "dime" store for 50c. We wanted to charge him a dollar for a good one, and he said, "I have saved 50c." But the first time he used the bottle it leaked and the second time it came apart, and then he said, "Oh, that I had my money back;" but he could not get it.

MORAL:

a dollar well spent is better than fifty cents badly saved. Our hot water bottles are made by a reliable firm, and are worth the price we ask because they last and won't leak. Every bottle guaranteed perfect. Prices \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, depending on size. Don't be like the man in the story.

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Has reached far outside of Pensacola. Visitors here tell us they have never tasted better Creams and Sodas in the largest cities of the north. Most of our homefolks know this to be true too.

Kandy Kitchen Cafe,
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Pensacola Oyster Depot.

F. SIGARI, PROPRIETOR.

Oysters—Wholesale and retail. The finest Escambia Oysters and Perdido Bay Plants, at Pensacola Oyster Depot, No. 14 E. Intendencia, opposite Fishman's alley. Orders delivered free in any part of city. Phone 133.

MISS JEFFERSON BELL'S INTERESTING PRESS PAPER.

One of the most interesting papers read before the Florida Press Association, from a woman's point of view, as far back as the writer's membership extends, was that read by Miss Jefferson Bell at Lake City last March and just given publication by the Florida Times-Union.

The frank simplicity of the language, the natural candor of its tone and the engaging note of confidence in the sympathy of the members, that characterize the paper are characteristic of Miss Bell and constitute much of the charm of her personality, as well as of her writings.

But, the real worth of the paper lies in its "unvarnished tale" of the trials and tribulations of all newspaper writers—men and women—whether "prentice hand" or mighty "chief." For all experience the heart sickness that comes of disappointing results from their best efforts, of which Miss Bell truly says:

There are times when wretched mistakes will creep in, then with a sickening sense of misery one calls upon the mountains to fall upon and hide them. There are times when one realizes the total inadequacy of the supply of adjectives in the language; times when black, murderous thoughts flash into your heart, as you find that the "caviare on toast" has become "caviar on toast," in your description of Mrs. Blank's dinner, or you find a ridiculous line in the very midst of a particularly pleasing personal paragraph you had penned intending to send a marked copy to the inspiration of it; or when you find after laboring for hours over the descriptions of the gowns at a ball, that you had failed to mention some of the most important, and note, with horror that Mrs. Smith wears pearls, instead of pearls, as you finally decide to go to Sopchoppy and stay until Mrs. Smith becomes reasonable enough for you to risk an explanation. Personally I have decided that explanations—like comparisons—are odious, and offer few.

Ah! Those harrowing blunders! This writer has bleached her hair, furrowed her face and worn her heart out over them—in the past. But never again. Never! Because I have learned at last that, to the reasonable "Mrs. Smith" no explanation is necessary. She knows that the intention of every sane newspaper writer is to be as generous, kindly and impersonal as possible, and particularly the self-respecting writer of local, personal and social matter.

For the unreasonable "Mrs. Smith"—what is the use? Narrow, bigoted and self-conscious she is hopelessly. To her a newspaper writer is something more than human and she can neither understand how typographical errors will occur in the best newspaper, nor sympathize with the delicate sense of honor toward her that ordinarily prevents the writer from publicly correcting unimportant mistakes. Indeed, she can not conceive that anything concerning her could be considered unimportant, and she knows the mistake was the result of "somebody's" personal malice.

Looking back over the years of unnecessary sorrow and humiliation that I have suffered in such cases, the seas of tears that I have secretly shed, and the resulting discouragement that has hampered my efforts, and sent me shrinking to cover like some guilty thing, I am amazed at my own cowardice. If I could reach the conviction of every girl or woman—and sincerely wish I could—in newspaper work, this is what I would urge upon every one of them:

Use your own judgment, in writing. Say things in your own way according to your own convictions regardless of consequences. During your apprenticeship the chief blue pencil will restrain you sufficiently, and mortify your flesh legitimately and effectively. But—positively refuse to be wounded by any other critic and ignore the naggers everywhere. And, above all things, don't worry over the irreparable.

Acknowledge from the start such authority as legitimately governs the paper with which you are connected to the extent of modifying your statements or even to the withdrawal of an entire article—but—under no circumstances permit yourself to be induced by anyone, to write anything at anytime to which your own judgment does not assent.

Stick to your convictions until you have a reasonable doubt, though the whole world is against you and you "lose your job."

But—mere stubbornness is not intelligent. Keep yourself open to conviction and, once convinced you have

been wrong, "change your mind" without fear or favor.

It is intellect not courage that leads to a change of opinion after studied and honest investigation. And—the writer, man or woman—without the courage of her convictions is not worth any more than Mr. Charles E. Jones of the Jacksonville Metropolis says that Col. Merrill said are "unborn" newspaper men.

It is only the made writer who is fit to cope with the "unreasonable Mrs. Smith." Born writers like Miss Bell should ignore her tales of woe. "They are odious" if not few. Send them to Sopchoppy.

It takes the finest Mexican Vanilla beans that grow to give Blue Ribbon Vanilla extract the famous "Blue Ribbon Flavor." Just try it. At fancy grocers.

Meeting Thursday.
There will be a regular general meeting Thursday night of the Concordia Club. All members are requested to be present, as matters of importance will come up for action.

A Clock Without Works.
In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII, and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII, and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

Appearance a Protection.
"Appearances are deceitful" is an old saying, which was illustrated by an old lady in one of our banks a few days ago.

She drew out a sum very near the \$1,000 mark. The banker kindly asked her if she did not wish an escort to her destination in order to insure protection for the large amount. Looking calmly at the banker, she replied, "Why, nobody would think I had more than \$1.25"—(Ramford Fall) Times.

The Gentle Art.
Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from)—I do wish you would tell me the name of the woman you sell your things to. I've got a lot of old gowns like these that I want to get rid of.—Punch.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON

NEW FLORIDA SYRUP, per Gal. 50c
FANCY FLORIDA ORANGES, per Dozen 25c
IMPORTED MESSINA LEMONS, per Dozen 25c
NEW FLORIDA PAPERSHELL PECANS, per lb. 15 and 20c
15 POUNDS OF GRANULATED SUGAR STILL GO FOR THAT SAME \$10.

LAZ JACOBY
Phone 183

The Journal's Daily Fashion Feature



A WINTER TAILOR-MADE

For the early days of winter, before the extreme cold weather arrives, there are many who prefer the smart short Eton to the more cumbersome long coat. For such this design will answer admirably. The material is a medium shade of brown cloth, with black velvet bandings on coat and sleeve; but with the skirt following the present mode of absence of trimming effect. Coat is open at the throat, revers lined with a princess haircloth, being edged with velvet folds, and those carried down to the waistline. Sleeve is tight and plain, after the most approved tailored models. The skirt has a group of pleats in the centre front, those stitched down for some inches and then pressed to the hem. Slides and back are of circular cut, and made to clear the ground all around, displaying the smart, shiny jappanned shoe that is the correct mode for winter wear.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Some of the Odd Things One Might Find on Such a Voyage.

How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a bill from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions a large telescope gives us a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 800 miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the north pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thawing it out if frozen will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.

But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliancy of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape—not a blade of grass, not a tree or brook or lake, nothing but a vast, stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our western prairies, and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference—it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.—St. Nicholas.

STARTLED CARLYLE.

How Charles Godfrey Leland Brought the Carlyle to His Senses.

Charles Godfrey Leland said that on his first meeting with Carlyle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some stirring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died to a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical."

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grin smote at admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch.

"Na, na, I'm nae that," he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.

What They Didn't Know About Air.
Health journals have been in existence time out of mind. One in particular in its day was widely accepted as an authority on all matters of hygiene. An item which appeared in this paper in 1874 says among other things that "it is safer to sleep in a bad air night—that is, with the windows tightly closed—with a temperature over 50 than in a pure air with a temperature under 40."

THE DOCTOR'S AGREE.
Two Physicians Both Agree on the New Scientific Dandruff Treatment.

Dr. J. M. Powell, of Spokane, Wash., says: "Herpicide has given good satisfaction in my family for dandruff." Dr. W. C. Alban, of Walla Walla, Wash., says: "I find Herpicide all that is claimed for it as a dandruff cure. I shall prescribe it." Dandruff is a germ disease and you can't cure it unless you use Newbro's Herpicide, the only preparation in the world that destroys the parasites. A delightful hair dressing and soft as silk. It is a sure dandruff destroyer. For sale by W. A. D'Alamberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 South Palafox street, or send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

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SOL CAHN & CO.

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Their Readiness for a Large Fall and Winter Business.

We have ordered, are receiving, and continue to receive as fast as goods are packed and shipped, the largest assortment of Fine Groceries that it has ever been our pleasure to handle—because we feel and know the people of Pensacola are capable of rising superior to any calamity that arises, and that on the wave of prosperity comes the desire to Pure and Wholesome Table Foods.

IS IT WISE TO WAIT?

Can you, Mr. Homeowner, afford to wait longer before furnishing your home with

Fine, New Furniture

and Furnishings? Remember, you can get what is necessary to make your home bright and attractive and pay for it while you use it. Every piece guaranteed high-grade.

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THE DIVISIONAL LINES.

Divisional lines between the white city primary schools have been mapped out by the Board of Public Instruction, and a circular to this effect is published for the general information of the school patrons. The order of the board concerning the divisional lines is as follows:

'The Divisional Lines.
School No. 40.—Eighth avenue on the west, Jackson street on the south, Escambia Bay on the east, and all settlements on the north in accessible distance.

School No. 2.—Alcaniz street on the west, Jackson street on the north, Bayou Texar on the east, Chase street on the south to Florida Blanca, thence south on Florida Blanca to Romana street, thence east on Romana to Cavallos street, thence southeast to Intendencia street, thence south and east to Pensacola Bay and Bayou Texar.

Old School No. 2.—Pensacola Bay on the south, Baylen street on the west, Belmont street on the north, Alcaniz street on the east to Romana street, thence east on Romana to Cavallos street, thence south on Cavallos to Intendencia street, thence east on Intendencia to Wright's Mill and south to Pensacola Bay.

School No. 10.—Belmont street on the south, Reus street on the west, County Farm and Goulding on the north, Eighth avenue on the east.

School No. 80.—South by Wright street, west by city limits and outlying settlements in accessible distance on the north by Bay, and east by Reus street.

School No. 74.—Baylen street on the east, Pensacola Bay on the south, Palma street on the west to Wright street, thence east on Wright street to Reus street, thence north on Reus street to Belmont street, thence east on Belmont street to Baylen street.

School No. 27.—East by Palma street, south by Pensacola Bay, west by Bayou Chico, the settlements on west side of said Bayou in accessible distance to be included in this district. Some modifications may have to be made in these lines later, but at the beginning let them be followed out. By order of the Board of Public Instruction.

N. B. COOK, Superintendent.

TO MANAGER HOTEL.

Mrs. Bowen announces to the public that she will continue the management of the Southern Hotel, in the same excellent manner in which her late husband conducted this popular hostelry. The Southern is a cozy little hotel, centrally located, is kept immaculately clean and the table is unexcelled in the South. Special meal tickets will be sold to those desiring board without room.

Attention, Teachers.
Unless we have later instructions school will open in Pensacola November 1, 1905.

N. B. COOK.

THE PENSACOLA CLASSICAL SCHOOL

OPINION OF EDUCATORS AS TO ITS WORK.

Prof. Walter Miller, professor of Greek in Tulane University, after visiting the classical school, wrote the following unsolicited opinion to a friend and colleague:

"The Pensacola Classical School is doing a splendid work for the cause of southern education. It is established upon broad principles, it cherishes the highest ideals of scholarship; it maintains a high standard of excellence; and by the best modern methods and equipment it secures thoroughness of training comparable with that afforded by the great fitting schools of the east. To my mind the Pensacola Classical School is one of the very best secondary schools of the south."

Dr. Venable, president of the University of North Carolina, writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the thoroughness of the preparation of the students who have come from your school to the university. We should be glad to have more of the same type."

Dr. Geo. Petrie, professor of Latin and History in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, writes: "I consider the Pensacola Classical School one of the best fitting schools in this section of the south. I can confidently endorse the thoroughness of its work and the healthy, manly atmosphere that pervades the institution."

For further information or catalogue of the school address:

H. CLAY ARMSTRONG.

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I have also opened in connection with my groceries a clean, first-class Meat Market, such as Beef, Country Pork, Mutton, Veal, Tripe, Sausage, Dressed Chickens, etc. Weights guaranteed. Quick delivery. Call or phone 620, corner Loya and Davis streets.

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COTTRELL'S Photograph Gallery

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